The Alleghanian.

BOLSINGER & HUTCHINSON, PUBLISHERS.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—Henry Clay.

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THE ALLEGHANIAN

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Western, " at 11 " P. M.

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Western, " at 6½ " A. M.

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Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

☞ Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

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" Mail Train,	"	7.48 P. M.
East—Express Train,	"	12.26 P. M.
" Mail Train,	"	6.28 A. M.
" Fast Line,	"	8.02 P. M.

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Judge of Election.—David J. Jones.
Inspectors.—David H. Roberts, Daniel O. [illegible].

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Alleghanian.

Sacred to Memory.

A leaf, a bud, or withered flower,
A book, or trysting-tree;
A joy that lasted but an hour
Is dear to Memory.
A book touched by a friend we prize,
A leaf, though dead it be—
Both bring each word, and smile, and look,
Back fresh to Memory.

The shroud may wrap the pale dead form;
The moss may grow above
The grave that hides from our fond eyes
The beautiful one we love.
Then, *then* each object they possessed,
However small it be,
We prize, as some great treasure rich,
Sacred to Memory.

However simple be the gift,
However plain and old,
We would not part for ocean pearls,
For gems of costliest gold
With it; a curl, a lock of hair,
Given by the loved to be
A "something" for remembrance kept,
Sacred to Memory.

The Orange from the sunny clime,
The wealth of India's shore,
The blue of Italy's sunny skies,
Can charm the eye no more
Than can the simple offering,
Richer than gems of sea,
Charm, yea, and weave a hallowed spell,
Sacred to Memory.

The dew has dried from off the flower,
The book is worn and old;
But *would* you give these relics left
For heaps of shining gold?
The form that gave them sleeps in dust
Beneath the Cypress tree;
And *these* are all that's left to us,
Sacred to Memory.

Others may touch with ruthless hand,
May gaze with careless eye,
Upon each leaf, each bud, each look,
Then toss it idly by.
No saddened thought like music steals
To *them*, as unto *me*;
They cannot prize the simple gift,
Sacred to memory.

But let *them* see each hope decay,
Each loved face pale and die,
Then they will learn to love the past;
Will learn the season why
Some weep while gazing on a flower,
Though smiling others be—
Then will they learn like me to love
The *Past's* sweet Memory.

Jennie.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

Poor Tom.

I had been gone some weeks on a journey. Glancing over a newspaper issued in my absence, I met a paragraph which troubled me. It concerned a boy, one Tom Johnson, put in jail for robbing a gentleman's garden and barn. His accomplice escaped.

"Tom Johnson! Is that *our* Tom? Of course not!" Yet I recollected not having seen him since my return. There was nobody near to inform me. "Tom," I kept saying; "it can't be *our* Tom. No, no." The next morning, the first thing was to ask for Tom.

"Tom, our poor errand boy? Haven't you heard? The poor fellow is in jail, and likely to go to prison. His trial comes on the September term;" and the circumstances were rehearsed more at length than I found them in the paper. "Poor Tom," I could only say—it was a clear, sunshiny day—"Poor Tom, caged up on such a bright day as this—he was free as a bird, and yet I never thought him a vicious boy."

I determined to see him, and took the earliest opportunity of visiting him in his new quarters, and I am sorry to say it was the *first* visit I ever paid him. Pressing through the narrow, damp, foul-smelling gangway that led to his cell, on the back side of the building, I felt sad enough.

"A set of young rascals," said the turnkey; "pity the whole gang weren't here; and Tom Johnson's the ringleader of 'em."

"Yet I never saw any vicious leanings in the boy," I said. "Perhaps you don't know as well as you think for," said the turnkey. Perhaps I didn't, and so I did not stop to argue the point. When we reached the cell, whose door grated on its hinges as he unlocked, opened, and let me in, Tom was lying on his low cot, his head wrapped in the quilt. He started up, and rubbing his eyes, looked pleased when he saw who had come; then, as if suddenly recollecting where he was, his head dropped on his bosom, and he began to twirl the bedclothes with his fingers.

"Why, Tom, my boy, how are you?" I asked cheerfully. "So, so," he answered without looking up. "I did not expect to find you here, Tom. How did it happen? How came you here?" "Oh, 'cause they put me in," answered Tom. I motioned the turnkey to leave us.

"Didn't you know 'twas wicked to steal, Tom?" said I, sitting down by his side.

"Yes, sir; but didn't think much about that part of it." "Didn't you learn the ten commandments in Sabbath School, Tom?" I asked. "Never went to Sabbath School." "Never went to Sabbath School? Why not, Tom?" "Nobody ever asked me to go." "Nobody ever asked you?—Well, you ought to have gone, of course." "Didn't 'zactly know how," answered Tom. "When the Dow boys got their handsome paper, all pictured, I wished I could go, but nobody asked me." "Don't you go to meeting, Tom?" No, sir." "Why, Tom, you ought to have gone to meeting, then you would never have come to this vile place." "My clothes weren't fit. The meetings you go to wouldn't have such such folks as I be. Good many times I saw you go in, but was 'fraid to follow; they'd turned me out." "You've a mother, Tom, haven't you?" "No, sir; she's been dead ever since I gave up selling candy; had nobody to make it after she died." "Any father?" "No sir, he's been dead always. I live with my cousins' folks; but they fight me." "Poor boy, why did you never tell me all this before?" "You never asked me," said Tom, piteously.

When I first knew Tom, he used to come to the store with a clean box well stocked with molasses candy, and his clean and tidy appearance was a decided recommendation to his wares. There was a frank, prompt, respectful air about the boy which took my fancy, and he became our errant boy. He did well for us, and we paid him well for his small servises.—But did our accout *end* there? Did dollars and cents pay *all* I owed him! Ah, I began to be afraid not.

"I don't want to stay here," at length Tom said, bursting into tears; "it makes me sick. I feel awfully." "You see what comes of associating with such a of fellows, Tom. They led you into evil courses." "Well, they liked me," said Tom sobbing, "and I didn't know much of anybody else since I went to my cousins." "But you knew it was wicked, Tom. "Yes, sir; but it was meant more in sport than wickedness. We bet who was spryest". "Tell me how it happened." Tom told his story, a perfectly straightforward one, I have no doubt, leaving a wide margin for those palliations of the wrong which the civil law cannot always fully recognize and allow. There was a pause. "Can't you get me clear, sir?"—asked Tom. "I'll do what I can for you, my poor fellow." He squeezed my hand as I arose to go, and sobbed violently as I left him.

"The young rogue," said the turnkey, meeting me in the hall; "did you make much headway with him?" "I do n't know," I said, and quickly left. How much I thought of poor Tom all the day through. Two or three spoke about him, and the *way* they spoke pained me exceedingly: "The little scamp," "The young rascal," and the free use of language whose harshness and heartlessness fairly startled me; and yet they were ordinarily accounted kind-hearted men. But they were ignorant, as I had been, of the state of society from which just such a class of boys naturally springs—an ignorance, however, which my conscience would not allow me to excuse. "The poor child," said Conscience; "*you* have helped make him what he is." I twinged. *I!* what had I done?

"You left *undone*—you did *nothing*," said Conscience. "You did not pay the debt of *moral* obligation which you owed him. God threw him in your way, a poor friendless, uncared-for orphan; and if you did not know *who* or *what* he was, you *ought* to have known. What might not your advice, your instructions, your warnings, have saved him from? What might not your friendly interest in his sorrows and needs have made of him?"

The next day I went to see Tom again. I took an orange and a picture-book to him. "The boy says he is sick," said the turnkey, "and I really believe he is."—"Well, Tom," I asked, sitting down by his side, "how are you?" "So, so," he answered with a faint smile. I put the orange in his hand, and laid the little book on the coverlid. Oh, how I wanted to talk to Tom about his soul; but I did not know where or how to begin. Indeed it was awkward to begin *now* a friendly care for him, neglected all too long; for aught I knew, neglected till too late. And it was a bitter thought to me. While Tom was sucking his orange, I slipped out and borrowed a Bible of the jail-keeper.—"Don't you want me to read to you, Tom?" "What's it about?" he asked. "You listen and see." I turned to the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, and read the account. "Big thunderstorm, wasn't it?" said Tom, after I got through. I talked about the commandments, but he listened with very little interest. "Tom, you've read about Jesus Christ, and Judas who betrayed his Master? He was a thief, and do you know what end he came to?" "What?" he asked. "He killed himself." "Killed himself? Perhaps he hadn't any body to care for him." "Yes, he had; Jesus Christ cared for him."

Finding myself making small headway with the poor lad, I comforted myself with the hope of doing better next time. Tom grew sicker. The jail-keeper moved him to his own house, and I ordered everything to be done for his comfort. But it was his poor soul which weighed most heavily upon me. One day when we read to him the story of the cross, of Jesus Christ loving him and dying for *his* sins, tears ran down his cheeks. Tom's ear was gained, his heart was touched, and he listened to the prayer put up for him with serious and heartfelt attention. All exhortation, and warning, and instruction, *short of this*, had failed of producing any strong impression upon the poor boy's conscience; this, the simple story of a dying Saviour, moved and melted him as I had never seen him before. Then I felt hopes for Tom. "He will be a good man yet," I said to myself.

The next day his mind was wandering. I hasten to the sad end. A few more days and he was no more, and I followed him to his grave, his chief mourner.

There is a large class of such boys as Tom to be kindly cared for. There are multitudes of boys and girls outside the church, outside the Sabbath, outside all religious and moral instruction, who may well say, "Nobody cares for my soul."—Many a promising child is growing up in ignorance, to be a blot upon society, a worse than useless citizen, a *lost one*, notwithstanding the death of Christ and his healing, who to all human view *might* be saved. Who is responsible? We must *seek them out*, as a man does his lost sheep, or a woman her piece of silver. This is our proper Christian work. *We are responsible.* "To whom much is given of him will much be required."

Labor and Wait.

Yes, young man, learn to labor. Don't go idling about, imagining yourself a fine gentleman,—but labor; not with the hands merely, while the head is doing something else, (nodding, perhaps,) but with the whole soul and body, too. No matter what the work be, if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well,—so put your whole mind upon it, bend every energy to the task, and you will accomplish your object.

If you are a clerk with only a small salary, don't be discouraged, work away keep your eyes open, be strictly honest, live within your income; labor with your heart in the cause, patiently wait, and your time will come. Other clerks have risen to eminence,—why not you?

If a mechanic, stick to your business,—hammer away, let nothing entice you from the path of integrity, keep your mind on your work, persevere in all you undertake, do your work well, always keep your word, respect yourself; labor cheerfully; though small your compensation, "the good time" is surely coming, you will yet be appreciated. Many a mechanic has built the the ladder by which he has ascended to high honors. So may you.

If you belong to any of the learned profesions, don't hang out your sign, then fold your hands and go to sleep, expecting to be roused some day and invited to take the highest seat in the land. That is no way to gain distinction, unless it be as a drone; but keep wide awake, stir about. You will improve your health by the exercise, if nothing more. If you have no business-calls to attend to, dive deeper into your books; you can study, if you don't practice, and be gaining knowledge, if not money.

Keep straight forward in the path where your feet have been placed; labor with all your might, mind, and strength, and your reward is not far distant.

Whatever be your occupation, make no haste to be rich: if you are long gathering, you will be more careful about scattering, and thus stand a better chance of having your old age supported by the industry anb prudence of your younger days. It is by drops that the ocean is filled,—yet how vast and deep! The sea-shore is composed of single grains of sand,—yet how far it stretches around the mighty waters!

Thus, it is by single efforts and unwearied labor that fame and honor are attained.

"Saratoga and Newport, you've seen them,"
Said Charley, one morning to Joe;
"Pray tell me the difference between them,
For bother my wig if I know!'
Quoth Joe, "tis the easiest matter
At once to distinguish the two—
At the one, you go into the water;
At the other, it goes into you!"

General Putnam.

Among the worthiest who figured during the era of the American Revolution, perhaps there was none possessing more originality of character than General Putnam, who was eccentric and fearless, blunt in his manners—the daring soldier without the polish of the gentleman. He might well be called the Marion of the North, though he disliked disguise, probably from the fact of his lisping, which was very apt to overthrow any trickery he might have in view.

At the time a strong-hold called Horseneck, some miles above New York, was in possession of the British, Putnam, with a few sturdy patriots, was lurking in its vicinity, bent on driving them from the place. Tired of lying in ambush, the men became impatient and importuned the General with questions as to when they were going to have a bout with the foe.—One morning he made a speech something to the following effect, which convinced them that something was in the wind:

"Fellers—You have been idle too long, and so have I. I'm going down to Bush's, at Horseneck, in an hour, with an ox team and a load of corn. If I come back, I'll let you know all the particulars; if I should not, let 'em have it, by the hokey!"

He shortly afterwards mounted his ox-cart, dressed as one of the commonest order of Yankee farmers, and was soon at Bush's tavern, which was in possession of the British troops. No sooner did the officers espy him than they began to question him respecting his whereabouts and finding him, as they thought a complete simpleton, they began to quiz him and threatened to sieze his corn and fodder.

"How much do you ask for your whole concern?" they inquired.

"For marcy's sake, gentlemen," replied the mock clod-hopper, with the most deplorable look of entreaty, "only let me off and you shall have my hull team and load for nothing; and if that won't dew, I'll give my word I'll return to-morrow and pay you heartily for your kindness and condescension."

"Well," said they, "we'll take you at your word. Leave the team and provender with us, and we won't require any bail for your appearance."

Putnam gave up the team and sauntered about for an hour or two, gaining all the information that he wished. He then returned to his men, and told them of the disposition of the foe and his plan of attack.

The morning came, and with it sallied out the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands, and when they surrendered to Gen. Putnam, the clod-hopper, he sarcastically remarked—"Gentlemen, I have only kept my word. I told your I would call and pay you for your kindness and condescension."

☞ The Rome *Sentinel* relates that a three-year-old girl accompanied her father upon a visit to her grand-parent in the country, where a blessing is invoked by the white-haired patriarch before each meal. The custom was one with which our little friend had not been made familiar at home, and, of course, on the first occasion she was silent with interest and curious watchfulness. But when the family gathered around the board the second time after the commencement of her visit, she was prepared for the preliminary religious ceremony, and observing that her father did not seem duly conscious of the approaching solemnity, she called him to order by saying, with stern gravity. "Be still, papa—grandpapa's going to talk to his plate pretty soon!"

☞ A city servant girl, in a letter to the "Old Folks at Home," thus describes the prevailing fashion of low-necked dresses: "As for the lo nees, the loer it is the more fashunabil yu air, an the les cloz yu ware, the more fashunabil yu air drest. Mis Goolra give me a blu silk ov hern and i cut its nec orf and Suzin Simmons cut orf hern, and we attrax a grate eal of attenshun to our nees, prominadin' in the streets lyke uther ladys and holdin up our cloz. Nobody isnt nothin now which dusnt hold up her cloz, and the hier yu holds them the more yu air thot ov."

☞ "Patrick, the widow Molony tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?" "Yes, yer honor."—"What have you done with it?" "Killed it and ate it, yer honor." "Oh! Patrick when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig, on the judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?" "Did you say the pig would be there, yer rivirance?" "To be sure I did." "Well, thin, yer rivirance, I'll say, Mrs. Molony, there's your pig."

☞ Copper coin is not a legal tender.

WIT AND WISDOM.

☞ Wit is the soul of Wisdom.

☞ If the doctors order bark, has not the patient a right to growl?

☞ A writer on school discipline says: Without a liberal use of the rod, it is impossible to make boys *smart*.

☞ The horse's coat is the gift of Nature, but the tailor very often makes a coat for an ass.

An Irish lover remarked that it was a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweetheart with you.

☞ Commentators are folks that too often write on books as men with diamonds write on glass, obscuring light with scrathes.

☞ Gratitude is thes fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.

☞ Fashionable circles were never so numerous as they are now. Almost every lady that appears in the streets is the centre of one.

"Woman—the lover of union, and the friend of annexation. Like our country, her manifest destiny is to spread her skirts."

☞ To ascertain whether your wife is jealous, lace up another lady's shoes, and let her catch you at it! If that don't make her round shouldered, nothing will.

☞ A German write observes that in the United States there is such scarcity of thieves, they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

☞ A chaplain at a State Prison was asked by a friend how his parishoners were. "All under conviction," was the reply.

☞ You win a woman by appealing to her impulses; you win a man by appealing to his interests. It is all the difference between a compliment and a bribe.

☞ A newspaper, desirous of paying a compliment to a minister who lately officiated in one of the fashionable chapels, says, his prayers were the best ever addressed to an audience.

☞ A dancing-master was taken up in Natchez recently for robbing a fellow-boarder. He said he commenced by cheating a printer, and that after that everything rascally seemed to come easy to him.

☞ The progress of knowledge is slow. Like the sun, we cannot perceive it moving; but, after a while, we perceive that it has moved—nay, that it has moved onward.

☞ It is a beautiful custom in some Oriental countries, to leave untouched the fruits that are shaken from the trees by the wind; these being regarded as sacred to the poor and the stranger.

☞ One day Jerrold was asking about the talent of a young painter, when his companion declared that the youth was mediocre. "The very worst *ochre* he can set to work with," was the quiet reply.

☞ "Father," said a cobbler's lad, as he was pegging away at an old shoe, "they say that trout bite good now." "Well, well," replied the old gentleman, "you stick to your work and they won't bite you!"

☞ If men judged their neighbors by themselves, they would imagine there were more fiends on earth than in Tartarus; but, as they judge themselves by their neighbors, they think there are more angels on earth than in heaven.

☞ A stranger meeting an editor in the street at Boston, a few days since, roughly accosted him with, "Here, I want to go to the Tremont House!" The deliberate reply was, "Well, you can go, if won't be gone long!"

☞ "What shall we name our little boy?" said a young wife to her husband. "Call him Peter." "Oh. no! I never knew anybody named Peter that could earn his salt." "Well, then, call him Saltpetre."

☞ A clergyman who was reading to his congregation a chapter in Genesis, found the last sentence to be: "And the Lord gave unto Adam a wife." Turning over two leaves together, he found written and read: "And she was pitched without and within." He had unhappily got into a description of Noah's Ark.

☞ The Springfield *American* says:—"A young domestic in a family in the city complained a few nights since of having sprained her ancle, and said the injury had struck to her stomach. Later in the evening the appearance of two little ancles solved the mystery, to the astonished gaze of the family with whom she lived."